5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

105 the still morning air. Everywhere the women are busy,
512 carrying water and wood, and preparing the simple meal.
[515] And now we see the men come out, and start for the river.
Some are followed by their children; some are even carrying
those too small to walk. They have reached the water's
edge. Off drop their blankets, and with a plunge and a
shivering *ah-h-h* they dash into the icy waters. Winter and
[147] summer, storm or shine, this was their daily custom. They
said it made them tough and healthy, and enabled them to
endure the bitter cold while hunting on the bare bleak
[264] prairie. By the time they have returned to the lodges, the
[252] women have prepared the early meal. A dish of boiled
meat — some three or four pounds — is set before each
[262] man; the children are served as much as they can eat, and
the wives take the rest. The horses are now seen coming
in, hundreds and thousands of them, driven by boys and
[224] young men who started out after them at daylight. If
[462] buffalo are close at hand, and it has been decided to make
a run, each hunter catches his favorite buffalo horse, and
they all start out together; they are followed by women, on
the travois or pack horses, who will do most of the butchering,
and transport the meat and hides to camp. If there is no
[224] band of buffalo near by, they go off, singly or by twos and
threes, to still-hunt scattering buffalo, or deer, or elk, or
[462] such other game as may be found. The women remaining
in camp are not idle. All day long they tan robes, dry
meat, sew moccasins, and perform a thousand and one other
[302] tasks. The young men who have stayed at home carefully
[832] comb and braid their hair, paint their faces, and, if the
weather is pleasant, ride or walk around the camp so that
the young women may look at them and see how pretty they
are.

514 Feasting began early in the morning, and will be carried
105 on far into the night. A man who gives a feast has his
512 wives cook the choicest food they have, and when all is

differ markedly from dental caries experience among residents of Baltimore, Maryland, who represent neither the high nor low extreme of dental caries prevalence in the United States (6).

Average Number of DMF (Decayed, Missing, Filled) Permanent Teeth Per Person

Age group (years)	Blackfeet Reservation	Fort Belknap Reservation 1/	Baltimore, Maryland 2/
15-19	9.7	9.6	11.9
20-24	15.5	9.3	13.3
25-34	15.3	13.0	14.9
35-44	17.3	11.2	17.0
45+	21.8	17.7	21.4

1/ Based on survey conducted immediately after survey on Blackfeet Reservation; see reference 7, p.78.
2/ Adapted from reference 6.

Tooth loss resulting from decay was high, however, and can only be accounted for as a direct result of inadequate amounts of professional and personal dental care. As shown in Table 57 and Figure 11, by age 19 about one fourth of the teeth attacked by dental caries already were extracted or had deteriorated to the extent that they could not be saved. With increasing age, the missing (M) component of the DMF increased markedly. In the age group 45 years and older, 33 percent of those surveyed had lost all of their teeth.

Dental caries alone was not responsible for this tooth loss, however. Among the population surveyed, periodontal disease was prevalent at early ages.

The percentage of decayed, missing and filled teeth (DMF) which were filled in order to inhibit or stop the destructive processes of tooth decay increased with each age group through age 19. Forty-five percent of the DMF teeth of 15-19 year old youths were filled - undoubtedly a reflection of the dental services provided to school children by the Public Health Service. Above that age, however, there was a steady drop in the percentage of DMF teeth which had been filled and, except for those aged 20-24, in the average number of filled teeth per person. Again, the effects of periodontal disease and resultant tooth loss are evident here.

Though many communities in the United States have far lower DMF rates than those of the Blackfeet - particularly communities where the water supplies contain fluorides - the incidence of tooth decay cannot be considered excessively high. Nevertheless, the tooth decay problem is acute in terms of tooth loss, either because of a lack of availability or of utilization of dental services and inadequate practice of simple oral hygiene measures.

Fluoride analyses were made of the water supplies of Browning, Babb and Heart Butte (see map, Figure 2). Of these, only Babb had sufficient fluoride in the water supply to provide any appreciable protection against the development of tooth decay, and the concentration of fluoride there (0.8-0.9 parts per

Thus, high Periodontal Index scores, a high percentage of teeth having pocket formation, and a high rate of recession all attest to the severity and magnitude of the periodontal disease problem among the population surveyed.

Oral Hygiene

It has been demonstrated that there is a positive relationship between Periodontal Index scores and Oral Hygiene Index scores (9). Although this relationship does not necessarily imply cause and effect, it is reasonable to assume that local irritating factors - particularly soft debris and calculus - play an important role in the development of gingivitis and more severe forms of periodontal disease.

The oral hygiene of the people surveyed - particularly that of the adults - was, with few exceptions, very poor (Table 59; Figure 12). For example, out of a possible range of OHI-S scores from 0.0 to 6.0, scores of from 4.1 to 6.0 were found in 40 percent of the family groups examined at Starr, in nearly 42 percent of the family groups seen at Heart Butte, and in 48 percent of the people examined at the Browning Community Hall. Even among school children there was extensive evidence of poor oral hygiene practices. Among the Babb school children, whose average age was 8.6, two-thirds had OHI-S scores ranging from 1.1 to 2.0, and some of the children even had scores up to 4.0. Generally, scores of this magnitude at this age indicate that there are gross deposits of debris present throughout the dentition.

TABLE 59. ORAL HYGIENE INDEX (SIMPLIFIED), DEBRIS AND CALCULUS SCORES OF PERSONS EXAMINED BY AGE GROUP, BLACKFEET RESERVATION

Age group (years)	Number scored	OHI-S	Debris	Calculus
All ages	975[1]	2.2	1.7	0.5
0-4	1	--	--	--
5-9	312	1.7	1.7	[2]
10-14	368	1.8	1.6	0.2
15-19	89	2.1	1.6	0.5
20-24	42	2.7	1.7	1.0
25-34	82	3.2	1.8	1.4
35-44	33	4.4	2.2	2.2
45+	48	4.3	2.1	2.2

1/ 403 persons were not scored.
2/ Less than 0.05.

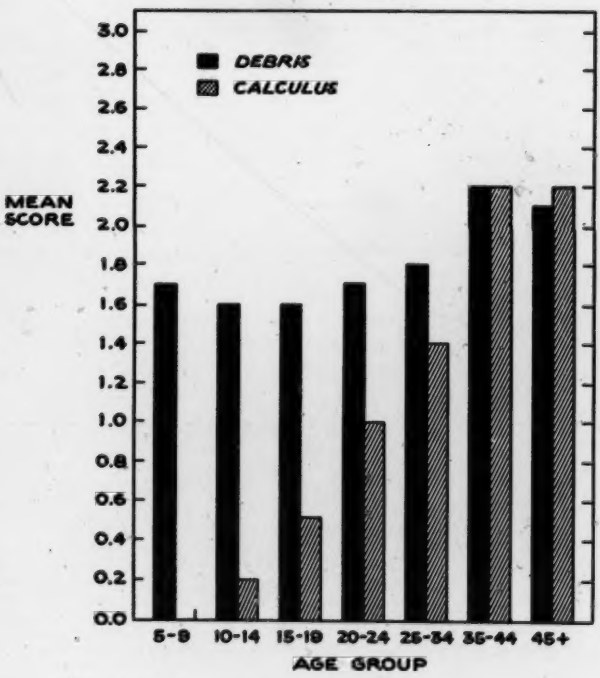
With the constant irritation to the tissue from debris and calculus, it is understandable that both caries and periodontal disease combine to cause tooth loss at an early age among these people (Table 57; Figure 11).

It is encouraging that there were some exceptions to this generally poor picture of oral hygiene status, for example, the students of the Indian Boarding School near Browning, but these encouraging signs were observed infrequently.

FIGURE 12 DEBRIS AND CALCULUS COMPONENTS OF SIMPLIFIED ORAL HYGIENE INDEX, BY AGE GROUP

515
164
128

BLACKFEET RESERVATION



SOURCE: TABLE 59

11: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

In 1808, Henry wrote in his journal, "The women appear to be held in slavery and stand in awe of their husbands."[179] Their work, was indeed hard and long. They cooked the meals, treated the skins, sewed them into clothing and tipi coverings, raised and lowered these cumbersome shelters, and saw to the transportation of family goods on the march. "The young men," again comments Henry, "appear proud and haughty, and are particular to keep their garments and robes clean. The women are a filthy set."[180]

Yet even in this hunting and raiding society of the past, women enjoyed a comparatively strong position—and this despite their onerous duties, the payment of a bride price, the continual suspicion and accusation of adultery, the harsh punishment for a breach of fidelity.[181] For in those not too distant days, a woman could lead a war party; she could be designated a favorite; she could own property, receive and exercise medicine power, and give names. She was a necessary part of every ceremonial transfer; she was the custodian of the bundles that her husband bought. The public initiation of the Horn Society still dramatizes the man's dependence. It is the wife who receives the power from the seller. Her husband can only gain possession from her.

Above and beyond the pressure of the reserve, the Blood woman has maintained this early importance. Although differently expressed, she is today, as she was in the past, a valuable asset. Her tanning and bead-work make a great show on ceremonial occasions; she runs her husband's home and participates in his transactions; she keeps her earnings and has considerable say about his; she chooses her partner in the social dance; she is still a necessary adjunct to his ceremonial life. Undeterred by the threat of punishment, she accepts flirtatious advances and often initiates them. She is secure in her womanhood.

But like the man, it is the rich woman in particular, although sometimes the beautiful one, who is arrogantly sure of herself. A rich woman is spoiled and demanding. A beautiful one will not hesitate to take another woman's husband or flaunt her lover before her own when he cannot satisfy her with handsome clothes. Rich or poor, she may leave her husband at will; but the fathers of the poor are apt to urge their daughters to remain, while fathers of the rich have frequently been known to take them home "because their husbands didn't treat them right."[182]

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[179] Henry and Thompson, *Journals*, p. 526.

[180] *Ibid.*, p. 525.

[181] *Ibid.*, p. 572. Cf. also Maximilian, *Travels*, p. 253; Bradley, *Characteristics*, p. 271; and Wissler, *Social Life*, p. 10 ff.

[182] *Ibid.* Wissler quotes a Piegan as saying, ". . .if a man who gives a few presents or pays nothing becomes exacting, the woman's relatives will remark that as he paid little or nothing he should desist; they may even take her away and find another husband for her."

511 their houses looking neat is also seen from the efforts on the part
352 of some families to plant shrubbery, to lay a concrete walk from the
road to the door-step, to keep the grass short in the front yard, to
[356] hang lace curtains in the windows, to give white visitors the cup
[351] and saucer with the flower design, and to arrange the furnishings
of the living room beforehand. From this we infer a need for better
furnishing, particularly on the part of the poorer families.

511 Other indications of a higher standard of living might be plumb-
312 ing, improved sanitation, electricity, and the various machines of
365 the modern house. We have never heard anyone speak of the desire
for running water in a house, though one of the three houses with
electricity has piped water into the house from an electrically driven
pump. At the mines, where running water is available in the com-
munity wash-house, the Indians use these facilities constantly for
[515] washing and laundering. Indeed, it is said that the Indians at the
mines maintain the highest standard of cleanliness on the reserve.
The only available source of running water other than the mine is
[514] the hospital, which provides the sole bathing facilities. When there
is no running water available, inside toilets and cesspools are incon-
511 ceivable. Some Indians living near a power line have considered
365 introducing electricity into their homes. As the public utility com-
pany charges the expense of a transformer installation to the con-
sumer, and wiring and fixtures are a further expense, most Blackfoot
have rejected the idea after the initial inquiry.

511 Most of these attributes of a higher standard of living are con-
171 sidered not very important by the Blackfoot, but one must not reach
conclusions on this basis alone. Through the countryside of southern
Alberta, many white farmers also are without running water and
electricity. In small towns there is frequently no sewage system,
and outside toilets are assumed. Moreover, most of these accessories
require some source of power. If whites are unable to afford these
conveniences, still less could the Indians on their income.

493 Some Indians have purchased automobiles, though they soon
discover that maintenance is a very costly affair. Frequently this
has induced them to abandon the car. On the other hand the condi-
tion of the roads, the love of horses and the greater utility of the
latter in rough country and cold winters, the greater carrying capa-
city of a wagon over a passenger car, all make team and wagon much
more serviceable on the reserve.

824 [413] Spiraea densiflora

The flowering stems were used as paint brushes, especially on the large spaces of tipis.

Thalictrum occidentalis

The fruits were kept as a household and clothing deodorant and were often crushed and mixed with paint for a robe, etc.

Thermopsis rhombifolia

[716] The flowering of this plant signaled the time when the sponsorers of the Holy Lodge were to begin collecting buffalo tongues in preparation for [224] the Sun Dance. It was also the time when the buffalo were fat enough for good hunting.

[386] Arrow shafts were rubbed with the yellow petals for coloring.

Viola adunca

[386] Apparently, a blue dye was obtained from this plant which was used in dying arrows.

COSMETIC USES OF PLANTS

Abies lasiocarpa

302 824 314 [515] The resin of the tree was chewed for bad breath and pleasure. Some would chew the resin and spit it on their hands. An infusion of the needles was mixed with grease and applied as a hair tonic. The needles were kept for their fine odor. They were often packed in moccasins as a foot deodorant.

Artemisia campestris

An infusion of the root was used as a hair tonic, especially with [278] children. It cleansed as well as treated scalp infections.

824
[514]
[515] Artemisia frigida and ludoviciana

Both sages were used as toilet paper; frigida was especially for children. Ludoviciana was often put in moccasins as a foot deodorant.

824
302 Delphinium bicolor

Women would shine and straighten their hair through the use of an infusion of this plant.

Gaillardia aristata

[515] A footwash was made from the infused flower heads.

Hierchloe odorata

[237] A hair tonic was made by mixing sweetgrass-water with the sticky substance of boiled hooves. Red ochre, used on clothing and directly on the body, was often mixed with sweetgrass-water to make it smell good.

Juniperus spp.

A footwash was made from the infusion of the plant. It was also used to sooth the face after whiskers were plucked.

Lygodesmia juncea

[237] An infusion of the stems was mixed with grease and applied as a hair tonic.

Osmorhiza occidentalis

[515] Women used the root as a feminine deodorant. Diapers were sweetened with an infusion of the root.

Salix spp.

Willow roots were dried and crushed, then soaked in water and grease.

[278] The tonic was applied to the hair for dandruff and it made the hair sleek and straight.

291 [531] symbolizing their war exploits, and religious powers. Everyday robes, however, were left plain, except that they were trimmed for the wearer's size.

[177] Beef hides did not replace buffalo as robes. Instead, the people turned to wool blankets and shawls given out by the government or obtained in trade. Those with bright designs were preferred, like those that came from the Pendleton Woolen Mills in Oregon. In Canada the Hudson's Bay Company introduced blankets with colored stripes that also became very popular. Elk-hide robes were still common in the [292] nineteen twenties, as seen in dance photos of that period, and they are today still part of the holy woman's outfit during the Sun Dance.

291 834 My grandmothers have long been known for being very modest about themselves. Some of this modesty no doubt stems from our tribal emphasis on virtuousness, while much of it must come from the missionaries and others who began to affect our social ways after 1800. Anthropological evidence and notes from journals written before 1800 indicate that the women of the earlier times were not always fully covered, especially from the waist up, and this was common among many other tribes as well. In fact, women of some Southern Plains tribes wore only skirts during the summertime until the end of the nineteenth century.

● 515 My grandmothers kept themselves clean, as well as neatly dressed, according to early writings and stories that have been passed on. During warm weather they generally bathed each day in a part of the nearby lake or stream that was set aside for their privacy. Usually they waited until their morning [296] work was done and most of the men were gone hunting. While they had their dresses off they usually cleaned them using cakes of white clay and scraping them with rough pieces of stone. Usually they washed their hair at the same time, just with cold water, though sometimes they washed it by their lodge with a special brew of herbs and scents if they wanted

20: Hungry Wolf I-4,5 (no date) 1980
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

it extra clean, pleasant-smelling, or rid of lice and dandruff, neither of which was common. In the wintertime women cleaned themselves occasionally with a sweatbath.

While Blackfoot men had a number of traditional hairstyles to choose from, the women used mainly one: they parted their hair down the middle and braided the two sides, tying the ends with strips of buckskin or plain cloth. Wrapping the ends of the braids with red cloth is a symbolic men's style, although some young women have naïvely taken up this style in recent years. While doing work, many women tied the ends of their braids together and threw them behind, out of the way. Younger women wore their hair down, and loose, only while mourning the death of a loved one. Old women often mourned so regularly over losses among children, grandchildren, and other relatives that they wore their hair loose all the time, usually cropped to a length just below the shoulders.

If you have ever worn a hide dress for several days and nights, especially during summer, you will readily see why my grandmothers eagerly obtained cloth from the traders, even at fairly high cost. The first cloth was heavy wool, which could not have been a tremendous improvement in comfort and coolness, though it could be easily washed. But when the lighter cotton calico materials became available, women's dressing was revolutionized. In summer they were finally able to dress and work in comfort. Even so, most women kept their shawls on all the time, winter or summer. They usually put them on to cover their whole bodies, then fastened a belt around the waist so that the shawl would remain hanging from the waist down, folded in half. If they were not working, the women usually folded their shawls in half, from point to point, and wore them over their shoulders so that one point was farthest down the back. Some of my grandmothers still dress this way today when they go into town. Most of the rest wear at least a heavy sweater, more commonly a coat, even in the

and bake them. She baked them. He pushed some 755
hot thorns into my injured leg. I thought my leg 752
was going to break! He put a long stick into the fire, and while it was burning he painted the thorns with sacred yellow paint and sacred black paint. Then he took the glowing red stick and heated the thorns, which burned right down to my skin. My leg felt like it was being held by something Powerful. I couldn't move it at all. The next day I was able to move my leg, but my father said, "Today we will have the treatment one more time." After the second treatment, the swelling went down and I was able to walk. I guess that was a form of what they call today acupuncture.

Oki, now let me tell you about some of the 824
different things that grow. For instance, the "man-sage" [prairie sage] is used by men, the "woman-sage" [pasture sage] by women.

If a man has any kind of bad luck, he will use 824
the prairie sage to cleanse the evil from his body. 783
If a relative dies, a man will make incense with the prairie sage and rub it over himself to cleanse his body. They are pure growths from nature, so they can clean away unpure things. If a man is going to have a sweat lodge, he will sit on the man-sage and he will chew some. This will purify him.

Oki, there are all kinds of uses for this man- 824
sage. When they went on war raids they would [827]
carry some leaves to chew on, so they wouldn't get out of breath. They chewed it for the same [515]
reason when swimming. If a man has smelly feet he will put some leaves in his moccasins to make the smell go away. He will boil some and wash his hair in it. If his nose is bleeding, he will chew [757]
it and put it in his nose to stop the blood. If he has body odor, he will put some under his arms [515]
and between his legs and the smell will go away. [757]
If he has the itch, he will boil some and put it on whatever place is itching. A man will put in a few [783]
leaves of man-sage in any kind of curing brew to purify it. In the Old Days, men put bunches of

man-sage in the nose and mouth of their kill to purify. That makes the meat taste good. Any offering we make to Sun includes man-sage.

Oki, a woman uses woman-sage in the same way. A handsome woman will bathe with it and use it in her hair. For an easy birth, she will chew on it. She will use it for perfume and to keep herself from sickness.

Oki, my father always prayed while picking medicine plants. He kept all his curing medicines tied up in little buckskin pouches. There was no writing on them; he used different-colored beads to tell apart the few bags he didn't know by the way they looked and smelled. Sometimes he would show them to me and say, "I will use this for coughing, and this for hemorrhaging, and this for swelling." He put sage in with them to keep them pure. My father taught me a lot of his medicines, but I have lost most of them. Nobody was interested, so I have lost [forgotten] many of them.

The following list will tell you about some of the plants used as natural medicines by our People. The given uses were commonly known in the past, and are still relied on, at times, today. Many more uses were known only by certain persons in the Old Days.

ALUMROOT (*Heuchera americana*): A plant with blue flowers and many roots, it's called "dry root" by our Old People. It used to have a number of medicinal uses.

The roots could be boiled and drunk hot for stomachaches, cramps, diarrhea, and sore throats. Cooled, the brew served as a wash for sore eyes. The leaves themselves could be chewed and applied to sores and swollen places.

Even horses benefited from its curing powers. A horse with a cough would be thrown down and tied, and the root-brew poured into a tube stuck into its mouth. To treat their saddle sores, the plant leaves would be mixed with fat and boiled in water.

would be mixed with fat and boiled in water. 000

BANEBERRY (*Actaea rubra*): There are two species of this plant; one bears red berries, the other, white. Both types of berries are poisonous. But the roots, known as "black roots," were prepared to make a potent brew for coughs and colds. 824 757

BEARDTONGUE (*Penstemon*): Because of its flavor, this plant has come to be known as "tastes like fire." Its brew was used to treat stomachaches and cramps, as well as vomiting. 824 757

BEAR GRASS (*Yucca glauca*): Also known as yucca and soapweed, our People call this plant "sharp vine." The roots were boiled in water and used as a hair wash in ceremonies of tribes in the south. Physical breaks and sprains were bathed in the steam of grated roots boiling in water. The roots were also used as an antiseptic on cuts. 824 171 752

BERRIES: Some of the same berries used for food were also used for medicine. Serviceberries, for instance, were brewed to doctor people with stomachaches and liver troubles, even though too many serviceberries in one sitting could create stomach problems in themselves! The juice of ripe berries is still good for bloodshot eyes and flushing out foreign particles in eyes. 757 752

Chokecherry twigs were chewed to eliminate one's desire to smoke. 828 824

Gooseberry roots, gathered and boiled into a solution, treated various body odors—bad-smelling hair, stinky feet and armpits, and even bad-smelling ears. The offensive area was simply washed with the solution. 824 515

Strawberry leaves were brewed to be used as a wash for sore eyes. 757 824

Oregon grapes were boiled into a brew for sore kidneys. The bark of the root was used in a decoction for stomach troubles, mountain fever, kidney aches, and sometimes hemorrhages.

Rose hips, soaked in warm water, were

[p. 186-B]

applied as a poultice to boils. Covered with a bandage, the seeds dried up the boil, which pulled off when the bandage was removed. The roots of the rose bush could be brewed into a bitter, red-colored drink to treat diarrhea. 757 824

CUT-LEAVED ANEMONE (*Anemone multifida*): This plant is called "looks-like-a-plume," because of the wooly tops of its fruiting heads. This wooly material was burned on a hot coal and inhaled for headaches. 824 757

INDIAN HEMP (*Apocynum cannabinum*): Known as "little blanket" or "many spears," this plant is usually found in dense brush and on high cliffs. The roots were brewed to make a laxative or a hair wash. The dried leaves were sometimes smoked. 824 757 515 276

LARKSPUR (*Delphinium*): Known as "blue leaves," the leaves were brewed for kidney troubles; the brew also made a good eyewash. 824 757

LOCOWEED (*Oxytropis*): These plants are known as "rattle sounds," because the ripe seeds inside the pods rattle in the wind. The leaves were chewed and the juice swallowed for sore throats and for coughing spasms in children. A brew was also made to treat sores on the head.

MINT (*Mentha arvensis*): The leaves of wild mint, or "strong smell," are still brewed into a popular tea, which is especially good for upset stomachs. When chewed and swallowed, the leaves are effective for chest pains. 824 757 [272]

OWL CLOVER (*Orthocarpus luteus*): These plants were given the name "dye" because they were boiled with porcupine quills, feathers, and skins to dye them red. The blue seed pods that form after the yellow leaves fall off were boiled into a drink and given to adults with chest pains and to children with constipation. 824 386 757 824

PRAIRIE CROCUS (*Anemone patens*): This plant came to be known as "early old man," because it matures and dries up quickly. The small root of the plant is still brewed and 824 844 847 757

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tionally as padding during menstruation; it was said to keep the skin from chafing. 824 [341]

Horses with back sores can often be seen rolling in patches of sage to treat themselves. Tops of this sage used to be brewed to treat heartburn and mountain fever. [757]

SILVERWEED (*Potentilla anserina*): The roots of this vinelike plant, known as "garters," were chewed and applied to sores on children's bodies, after swimming. When the children dried off, the sores also dried, and the scabs could be brushed off. 824 752

SILVERY LUPINE (*Lupinus argenteus*): This plant, called "wolf turnip," has mildly hairy leaves that were used in several ways. They were brewed and drunk for coughs and for gas pains, causing the stomach to expel the gas. A person with painful hiccups can be given a mouthful to swallow while stretching the neck and plugging up the ears. The leaves are boiled and sprayed on horses' sores where flies gather. 824 757 824 232 824

SNOWBERRY (*Symphoricarpos occidentalis*): A common shrub with white berries called "white weasel eyes," this plant's yellow roots were the base of a decoction made to stop the heavy flow of a menstruating woman. 824 941

SQUAWROOT (*Perideridia gairdneri*): The "double root" was used for medicine as well as for food. It was chewed and swallowed for sore throats. A strong brew, made for kidney ailments, could also be poured into the nostrils of people and horses to treat catarrh. The chewed root also lent itself as a poultice for swollen parts of the body. 824 757

SWEET CICELY (*Osmorhiza chilensis*): Known as "smell root" and similar names, this plant's brew treated coughs, colds, and pneumonia. It was force-fed to mares in winter to prepare them for foaling. 824 757 232

SWEETGRASS (*Hierochloe odorata*): We call this plant *sepatsemo*, or "fragrant smell." This, our most common incense, was added 824 [137] [778] [782] [515] [757]

[p. 188-A]

to many medicine mixtures because of its sacredness. Boiled in water, it made a hair wash; chewed, it would be applied to swellings. It looks much like other grasses, but can be distinguished by the reddish color near its base. 824 [778] [782] [778] [515]

VIOLET (*Viola adunca*): Called "blue mouth," its leaves were chewed and used as a poultice; it could also be made into a brew for a child having difficulty breathing. [757] 824 752

WESTERN MEADOW RUE (*Thalictrum occidentale*): This plant was named "Gros Ventre scent" because it was most commonly found in the country of that tribe. Used as a perfume, the leaves could also be powdered and placed in horses' noses to make them long-winded. 827 824 302 232

WESTERN WILD PARSLEY (*Lomatium simplex*): This is the "big turnip" that was used mostly as food. As a medicine, the root was chewed and placed as a poultice with a heated cloth on bloodshot eyes. This poultice also treated sores in the mouth and ears, as well as earaches and swollen ears. A brew was made from it for chest pains. 824 752 757

WHITLOW GRASS (*Draba verna*): Because the stem of this plant rises from a circle of small leaves, it is called "center grass." The roots of this plant were made into a bitter drink to bring on abortion. 824 747

WILD BERGAMOT (*Monarda fistulosa*): This plant is called "singly young man." The blossoms could be brewed to make an eyewash, or else both leaves and blossoms were brewed together for stomachaches. 824 757

WILLOW (*Salix*): The great variety of willows are generally called "what they bring," referring to their ceremonial use during the Medicine Lodge sweat baths. The deep roots of these bushes were cut into pieces and dried, and from that a brew was made for hemorrhage, difficult breathing, dandruff, and bloodshot eyes in people and horses. Boiled with kidney fat, the mixture was used as a 824 [757] [232] 515 826

[p. 188-B]

wash by people with curly and kinky hair to cure what they considered their undesirable appearance.

YARROW (*Achillea millefolium*): This plant was also called "having a pine stem." Chewed white flowers were used to poultice swellings, including mumps. Leaves were brewed for liver ailments and hemorrhages, and horses with sore eyes. Several cups of the brew were said to help speed up labor during childbirth. The leaves were sometimes used for a special incense during Beaver Bundle transfer ceremonies.

OTHER USES OF PLANTS

Besides food and medicine, our Old People found many day-to-day uses for various parts of plants.

TOBACCO that our Old People smoked was a mixture of commercial tobacco and the leaves of the bearberry plant (*Arctostaphylos uvaursi*). This plant was also called *kinnikinick*, "that which is mixed." Although it grows on the prairies, only the mountain variety is used for smoking; the prairie kind smells like grass when it is burned.

Bearberry leaves can be picked from their low-growing shrub throughout the year. The leaves are separated from the stems, and then dried, crushed, and mixed for smoking. They are more properly prepared by first washing, to remove the bitter taste, then greased with kidney fat and placed in an oven to dry. This is called "frying your kinnikinick." The fried leaves are placed in a cloth bag and crushed into smaller pieces, which are then stored in special bags made from the skins of unborn fawns and buffalo calves.

BEADS were made from the dried fruits of a number of plants, including silverberries, rose hips, and juniper berries. These beads were

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

439 wrapping paper, no paper sacks; our customers furnished their own
435 receptacles for their purchases. A pint cup, not a pound, was our standard of measurement. Sugar was twenty-five cents per cup; coffee, fifty cents; tea, fifty cents; flour, three cups for fifty cents; and so on. Tobacco was two dollars a pound; cartridges, two dollars a box; and other merchandise that we had in stock—red trade cloth, blue trade cloth, calico, gingham, needles and thread, baking powder, Chinese vermilion, axes, knives, pots, and frying pans—went at better than 100 per cent profit. Our prices exorbitant? No. The Pikunis were rich; meat was their staff of life, and they had plenty of it. All that we traded to them for their buffalo robes and furs were —except cartridges, knives, and axes—luxuries that they did not need.

342 White were the four hundred new, buffalo-leather lodge-skins of
532 the Pikuni camp; those of the Sun priests, medicine men, painted in vivid colors with symbols of their sky gods, sun, moon, and the stars, and the birds and animals of their visions, their dreams. At the rear top of every lodge-skin was painted in red and black a
[828] small figure resembling a Maltese cross. It was the symbol for the butterfly, believed to be the giver of good dreams.

262 So long as they had plenty of buffalo for the killing of them, no people anywhere on earth were happier, more content, than those of the Blackfoot tribes. Meat was *nitápi waksin*, "real food"; all other
461 eatables were *kistapi waksin*, "nothing foods." As meat and hides
462 were needed, the men hunted. That was not work; it was exciting sport. To the women fell all of the lodge work, yet they had much leisure time; none worked as hard as the average white farmer's wife.

512 With the break of day, the women started their lodge fires, and
●515 the men, wrapped only in robes or blankets, herded their boys, from three-year-olds up, to the river to bathe. In summer, in winter, regardless of the weather, that was their daily custom. When unable to find open water, they dropped their wraps and rolled in the snow, then hurried home to dress. The baths, they said, inured them to the cold; enabled them to hunt and butcher their kills in severest
[343] weather without even freezing their fingertips. In summer the women daily flocked to the stream for a swim; in winter they had sweat baths in small lodges built for that purpose alone.

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cided to name the mountains rising so grandly from the shore of the east side of the lake. Said Grinnell: "That one next above Red Eagle Mountain will be Little Chief Mountain; that is the Pawnee name for their friend and my friend, Captain Frank North, leader of the Pawnee scouts in a number of fights with the Sioux." We then agreed that the next one south should be Almost-a-Dog Mountain, for a good Pikuni friend of ours who in his time had been a great warrior and leader of his tribe. And then, because of its fantastic and spired summit, we named the last one of the row Mount Citadel. And so they are named on the maps of today. But, alas! On the maps the stream putting into the lake from the basin between Almost-a-Dog Mountain and Mount Citadel is Virginia Creek, and its falls, Virginia Falls. And we ask: What did Virginia Smith, or Jones, or Spoopendike, or whatever her name, have to do with the exploration of the region, that one of its interesting features should be named for her?

Careful and slow though we were in following the trail down the ledge, my horse stumbled, fell, and badly bruised a leg. Some years later I learned, to my disgust, that the ledge trail had been named the Golden Stairs!

That fall, after seeing Grinnell and Gould off for their homes, Jack Monroe and I, with our wives—my little son had been placed in boarding school—moved out with our belongings and built a fine cabin at our favorite camping place, the edge of the quaking aspen grove on the west side of St. Mary River, a few hundred yards below the foot of Upper St. Mary Lake. It was the first cabin built at the lakes. In November our friends Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill and Ancient Man came out to visit and hunt with us. Every morning, as was their lifelong habit, they got out of their beds, ran to the river, dropped their blankets, and plunged into the icy water for a short bath. It hardened them, they said, and enabled them even in coldest winter weather to butcher the game they killed without so much as frosting their bare fingers. Monroe decided that what was good for them would be good for him, too. But after his third morning bath with them he was stricken with a severe fever, be-

tribe. We were a crowd of men and women sitting close around the little sweat lodge, listening to it all; the prayers and songs, solemn, fervently impressive, heart stirring, they brought tears to all eyes. Finally the old man and Fox Eyes reached out for their blankets, and, wrapped in them, came out and with heads bowed walked slowly to the river to bathe and dress.

On the following morning, accompanied by his mother, sister, and a half-dozen men relatives for protection, Fox Eyes rode off for his fasting place, and I joined a party of hunters. We were back long before sundown with the choice parts of some buffalo cows we had killed, just in time to see old Black Otter riding the round of the camp, stopping occasionally to sing a sacred song, pray, and call upon the people to pray for the safety and success of Fox Eyes in his lone and strenuous fast.

Three mornings later Badger Woman, Little Bird Woman, and I rode out to visit the faster. At the mouth of Crooked Creek we turned up the valley of the Missouri and then up to the foot of a cliff, where we left our horses, climbed for a time, and turned off upon a narrow shelf of the cliff; presently we came to Fox Eyes in a cavelike depression formed by the overhanging rock. Wrapped in his blanket, he was lying upon a buffalo robe, and at his side were his gun and a red-painted, empty, water bowl. "*Ha!* Here you are: mother, sister, and my good friend *Apikuni*, too," he said.

"Of course," I answered. "I shall come often to see you if I may." We sat down beside him, and his mother emptied a bladder skin of water that she had brought into the wooden bowl; carefully he raised it, took a few slight sips of the water, said that he would like to drink it all.

"You haven't yet had a vision?" his mother asked.

"Last night, the beginning of one," he answered. "I was walking in a valley, in a grassy length of it. A big longtail (cougar) came out from the timber, and I said to it: 'Oh, you powerful, always-successful killer of your food. I am poor. Pity me. Help me; give me of your power; help me to live a long and successful life.' He looked at me, turning his head this way and that way. At last he answered: 'You

cessful, to survive the wiles, the bullets, and the arrows of his enemies, he should always go alone against them.

There follows his tale of his last and greatest adventure, as he often told it in the long-ago:

It was Running Wolf who came hurrying into my lodge that morning and said that a war party had made off with some of our horses during the night. They had taken his swift black-and-white-spotted horses that he had tied before the doorway of his lodge. I went out with him, with the others who were camped above us, and we found that forty-one of our horses had been stolen. We found, too, the defiance of us by the stealers: their coupstick set upright in the ground behind Running Wolf's lodge, the piece of deer leather tied to it, painted with a black bird. *Ha!* The war party were Crows!

Returning to my lodge, I told my women to put into my war sack several pairs of moccasins, some pemmican, my little sacks of sacred paint, and to build a sweat lodge. Late in the day Red Eagle, powerful sacred man, owner of the Sun-favored Thunder Pipe, went into the sweat lodge with me, and, thrusting out our blankets, we sat naked within it. The women rolled in the rocks that they had heated red; we poked them into the little center pit we had dug, and, dipping a buffalo tail in a bowl of water, Red Eagle sprinkled them with it. As steam filled the lodge, and we perspired, he prayed Sun, Moon, and Morning Star to keep me safe from all dangers along the way that I was to go and to give me success in my raid upon the Crows. I prayed too, and we smoked as we sang Sun's songs and the songs of the Thunder Pipe. It was dusk when we reached outside for our blankets, and, wrapped in them, ran to the creek and plunged into its cold water; then we went home to dress.

Sad-faced and silent, my women set hot food before me. "Don't you dare cry, for that would bring me bad luck," I told them. "Be cheerful; laugh; sing; count the days of my absence as you pray for me, and that will bring good luck to all of us." Came in Red Eagle and others for a short visit and smoke with me—one advising that I ride his fast horse, so that I could quickly go to the far Crow country. I replied that riding to war was too dangerous. A horse, though well

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

my people. At that time we were camped on Big (Missouri) River, a short distance below the mouth of Bear (Marias) River. My father was to be the leader of the war party. Other prominent members of it were Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill, Buffalo-Painted-Lodge, False-Heavy-Runner, and Owl Child. In all we were seventy to go. Came the day for us to prepare for our departure. Sacred-pipe men prepared sweat lodges for us. How proud I was when, with my father and others, I entered the one owned by Red Eagle, whose sacred bundle was that of the Thunder Pipe. We thrust our wraps ourside and sat in a circle, naked. Women passed in stones that they had heated red hot. We rolled them into a pit in the center of the lodge, and with a buffalo-tail asperger Red Eagle sprinkled them with water from a red wooden bowl. As dense steam arose and filled the lodge, he began his sacred songs, in which we joined. He prayed Sun, Morning Star, and other Above Ones to keep us safe upon our dangerous trail and give us complete success against our enemies. He passed his sacred pipe, and by turns we each drew a few whiffs of smoke from it and prayed Sun to help us get the particular things that we wanted. This one desired enemy horses; that one, enemy scalps; and so on. Myself, I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun. The ceremony ended, Red Eagle said to us: "Go, my brave ones, and Sun be with you. Myself, I will daily ride through camp during your absence, shouting your names, calling upon all the people to pray for your success and your safe return."

With that, we reached outside for our wraps, then ran to the river, plunged in, and after a short bath hurried to our lodges to dress and go. Came night, and singing a war song, we struck out northward with only four horses, I riding one of them, the others carrying some of our belongings. My weapon was a powder-and-balls, five-chambered pistol that my father had bought from the Many-Houses (Fort Benton) trader named "Sleeping Thunder" (George Steel). I was afraid of it, for once when I had fired it all five of its loads had exploded, burning my hand. As we traveled, I prayed Sun to help me take an enemy gun. Between prayers I asked myself: "How can you, a boy of only eight winters, take a gun from an enemy?" And always I answered: "Sun is with you. He will help you do it."

224
555 Came rushing out my father and mother shouting: "You bad boy; where have you been? We have looked all over for you . . . ." Then stopped, stared, and laughed as they saw the tongue and the feather ribs tied to my saddle. And cried my father: "Why, he has been hunting. He has actually made a killing, this strong-minded one of ours. Who was with you? Who took off those feather ribs for you?"

"I was alone. I cut and clubbed them off with my knife and the cow's leg," I explained. And the people gathered around, clapped hands to mouths in surprise, one old man saying: "And he so young, so little and weak. How strange."

"Not strange at all. My son, of course he would be that way," my father proudly answered.

After that no boys made fun of me and my gun.

648
721 In the following summer, my ninth one, when we were camped on Little (Milk) River, close north of the Bear Paw Mountains, we learned that there was a large camp of the Lying People (Cree tribe) camping on North Big (Saskatchewan) River right in our country and killing our buffalo. Of all our enemies they were the worst—always coming into our country to hunt our buffalo, we always fighting them, driving them back to their north, swampy country. It was Rising Wolf (Hugh Monroe), that brave, wandering, beaver trapper, married to one of our women, who told us about them.

"The Liars, they have come again to steal our food," our people cried.

726
702 "We will make them to cry," my father shouted, and called upon our brave ones to go against them. Said that I should join the party. We were not many, there on Little River; the greater part of our tribe were camping and hunting on Big (Missouri) River. But seventy-seven of the men in our camp hurried to him, said that they were eager to go with him against the Liars.

[515]
[782]
[778] So again I sat in a sacred sweat lodge with my father and other warriors, listening to Red Eagle's powerful prayers for our success against the Liars and our safe return. In turn I lifted his sacred Thunder Pipe aloft and myself prayed Sun for help in all of my undertakings.

My father, listening, said to me when I finished: "You omitted

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CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Plenty of Buffalo Meat
(Told by Many-Tail-Feathers)

224 To DECOY AND SUDDENLY PUT TO DEATH a herd of buffalo, that is just what the prehistoric, nomadic, Indian tribes of our northwestern and Canada's western plains did whenever meat and hides were needed. [175] And they continued that activity into historic time, even up to a period definitely determined to have been somewhere around 1843–46. The Blackfoot, Crow, Assiniboine, Gros Ventre, and Kalispel Indian tribes all did it; but I shall tell only of the four Blackfoot tribes' way of it, as I have been an active member of them for sixty-three years and have heard their stories of it all many, many times. The Blackfoot belief that dreams are actual experiences of their shadows (souls) while their bodies sleep, and that Sun is the supreme god of earth and sky, enters into it all.

To begin with, there are four tribes of the Blackfoot Indian Confederacy: the Blackfoot, Blood, and North Piegan tribes of Alberta, and the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfoot Reservation, Montana. Of all the story tellers (historians) of the four tribes, I considered Many-Tail-Feathers of the Montana tribe best of all. He died in 1925 in his ninetieth year, and it was his father, also named Many-Tail-Feathers, who, because of his powerful dream, put an end to the decoying and slaughtering of buffalo herds by the four tribes. And so to my old friend's tale of it all, as follows:

In that very-far-back time our ancestors were but one large tribe, the Blackfeet. It was not easy for the hunters to obtain meat and

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

with meat,' I answered, and tearfully, with never another word to me, they set about their work.

"I did not ask a sacred-pipe man to give me a going-away sweat-lodge bath. No use of that. Time and time again they had done it for me, and always had Sun and his Above Ones failed to heed their fervent prayers for my success against the enemy.

"Night came. Silently my wives watched me sling on my war sack and my shield, take up my gun, and leave them. We were camped, our whole tribe of Pikuni Blackfeet, where Bear (Marias) River joins Big (Missouri) River. Taking up onto the plain, I traveled on eastward, heading the long, deep, and timbered coulees running down into Big River. Old Woman (Night Red Light) came up big and round. The Seven Persons (constellation Ursa Major) were brightly shining and turning in the northern sky, marking the passing of the night.

"Well, one did not need to pray to them for help, I thought. Different from Sun and the other Above Ones, there they were, always helpful when not cloud hidden, plainly telling how long it was since night had come and how far off was the coming of a new day. I was feeling so sad that I had to force myself to walk. What was the trouble with me, what had I done that the Above Ones had failed to hear my prayers to them for success against the enemy, for success in all my activities? They heeded the prayers and the offerings of other men, helped them to be successful in their raids upon our enemies, to become rich from their takings of enemy horses. In all I had been upon eleven raids against the Crows, Cutthroats, Parted Hairs (Sioux), and other enemies, and never yet had I taken an enemy scalp, or even an enemy horse. No wonder that our warriors and hunters shunned me, that my wives lived with me only because they had to. Well, upon this, my twelfth war trail, I would make a successful raid upon the enemy, or die trying, I said to myself, and with that went on more forcefully.

"Herds of buffalo, bands of antelope fled as I approached them. Wolves and coyotes howled and shrilly yelped. A kit fox began following me and I was pleased, thinking it might be a sign of coming

real-bear, besought him as he loved his women and children, for help. Said he: 'I have been thinking about your troubles, your failures in hunting and in your raids upon our enemies. Now, tell me something that you will not like to tell, but that I must know if I am to help you. It is this. In your youth—your before-marriage time—you endured your sacred fast. Well, what was the helpful vision that you then had?'

"His request surprised me. It is between the gods and the sacred faster, the vision that they give him. But this was different. Talks-with-the-Buffalo was a very powerful sacred-pipe man, close to the gods. He would not ask of me anything that would do me harm. Anyhow, I would risk it. So I gave him the name of the animal that had come to me in my vision and promised to help me in all that I should do. 'What did that animal tell you that you should do in return for his help?'

"When I had told him of that, and fully, he asked if I had always done as the animal had said I must do, and I had to confess that I had once failed. I had forgotten to make a certain sacrifice to the Above Ones, and a dog had eaten it.

"'*Ha!* And thereafter your bad-luck times began. You should have told me of it long ago. And now it is that you will have to endure another sacred fast, try to obtain another powerful helper. Yes, and I know the very place for it. The top of Chief Mountain. There where Eagle Head obtained the vision that enabled him to become the most powerful warrior and successful hunter that our tribe ever had. Yes. There you must fast, taking up there with you, as he did, a buffalo head for your pillow.'

"'I do not like to go so far from our people to fast,' I answered.

"'We will move up close to the mountain. I will advise Big Lake and our other chiefs to do it,' he said.

"The chiefs willingly granted his request, and three days later we made camp on Many Chiefs' River (St. Mary) and not far from the foot of Chief Mountain. On the following day Talks-with-the-Buffalo had a sweat lodge made, and in it, as we perspired, he prayed Sun and all the Above Ones, and his own sacred helper, too, to give me strength to endure a sacred fast and to give me a helpful vision. And again he loaned me his gun.

600 which was supposed to protect the animal from the Evil Eye. This article is known to have seen common occurrence, even in the pre-Columbian period, from Serbia to North Africa.

122 On a portion of the Blood Reserve between Cardston and Stand Off, Stanley and I picked up two hitchhikers: Indians—girl Indians. The Blood women have a reputation for being very beautiful, and Stanley—that old married man—thought that these chicks were pretty hot stuff. They were both much too aquiline for my taste.

[342] I noted as we drove along that the Blood Indians apparently have a fondness for two-tone houses (e.g., dark green and light pink), and when finally we reached Stand Off and Stanley directed me to stop in front of a small frame house ("She's my uncle"), the mere fact that the house was plain vanilla evoked in me the same unreasonable euphoria which I invariably experience upon discovering a small coin in a public phone booth. We entered the house to find 122 Stanley's uncle washing his feet in a basin in the living-room, and 515 during the ensuing introductions and the brief conversation which followed, Uncle scrubbed his toenails with a vegetable brush, wiped his feet on a towel which I think had once been either white or pink, and proceeded to rub his teeth vigorously with the same towel. Not 146 very sanitary, perhaps, but Uncle has excellent teeth for a man of 515 his years. Most Indians in this part of the country have horrible teeth—probably because they eat a poor diet and practice no form of oral hygiene (and because the water in this region is almost 146 totally devoid of minerals). My Indian brother, Jim, has fine teeth, and I credit this largely to Jim's having been reared upon a diet which consisted primarily of wild game and other natural foods, including liberal portions of mineral-rich organ meats such as heart, liver and kidney.

122 Uncle waved good-bye with his tooth-towel, and next on the list was Stanley's father, who lived quite some distance away. The man [732] who opened the door to us was nastily crippled, scuttling about like some pathetic, frightened crab, and Stanley volunteered the information that his father had been involved in a serious automobile wreck. Stanley also said that his father had once been an excellent singer ("Those young days before she's wreck she's very good singer"), but the old guy—not too old, really—refused to let me tape him unless I paid cash in advance, and this purely mercenary response to a predominately social gesture was sufficient to kindle my irascibility. But it would have been pointless to confront the gentleman with his rudeness and so I simply excused myself, and mine host received his measure of social opinion through the vicarious

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

I allowed Jim to cook breakfast--a horrible mistake! The fried eggs had black lace around the edges, like a city girl's drawers, and the pancakes were about as tender as a catcher's mitt. The Chief feels better this morning; he ate a man's share of the pancakes and eggs, and he drank his coffee with lots of *náh-pi-nuan* (sugar). But first he performed his morning toilet of re-braiding his hair and rubbing his face with cold water, and I put on his moccasins for him and gave him a new pair of wool sox. 122 [302] [515]

Soon after breakfast, at about 7:30, the Chief was sitting at his table enjoying his new magnifying glass, Jimmy was washing the breakfast dishes, and I was looking out the window at the snow and wishing that my boots weren't so worn out (Jim said, "I got extra pair, but you won't fit 'em"), when two figures came walking down the road and turned in at our cattle-guard. I called Jim, and he glanced out the window and said, "Couple winos. I know 'em. From over in a Canada."

The two walkers came up to the door and knocked, and Jim yelled "Come on in it" without ceremony. So the walkers--a young man and a young woman, both in their early twenties--came in. The man was a reasonably presentable young Indian, dressed in cowboy blue jeans, black boots, a black cowboy hat and a black jacket of imitation leather. The girl was very petite, had fine bones, and would have been quite pretty had she been groomed--and if she hadn't had that Gravel Gerty voice. The boy's name is John, and the girl, as I began to suspect or at least to hope when they entered the outhouse together, is John's wife. Her name is Marie. Marie had on a black orlon pull-over sweater, pale green denim trousers, and was wearing a pair of moccasins--not genuine Indian moccasins such as the Chief wears, but moccasins of the cheap, beaded, glove-leather variety which can be purchased in any dime store. Marie was without coat, hat, gloves or sox, and it was cold outside and Marie's feet were soaked through from walking in the wet snow and Marie trembled so and her teeth chattered so loudly that I could not understand half of her comments (she talked incessantly, and used more four-letter words than Chaucer's daughter). John said nothing, but from Marie we learned that John's car, or the car in which John and Marie had been riding, had run out of gas.

About five minutes after John and Marie arrived, another walker appeared--a young Indian man, tall and thin, dressed in a black T-shirt, greasy dungarees, work shoes, and a metal helmet of the type worn by forest fire fighters. Let's face it; these kids had been out drinking all night, and this latest comer was still pretty high.

54: Lancaster F-3(1958-1966)1966 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

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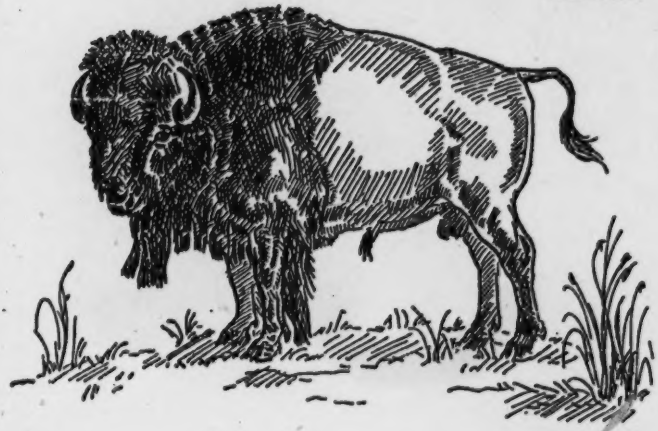

Friday, September 7

When I finally rolled out, at 8:30, Jim was up and had the house nice and warm and was placidly reading a newspaper. It is snowing and blowing something fierce outside; Plenty Treaty was right. I found the two big dogs cowering in the outhouse, but the puppy is missing. 9:00 now, and the Chief still is not up. 122

9:30: The Chief finally got up and I moccasined him and gave him another new pair of wool sox. The old fellow doesn't feel very well—his cold is worse—but he gave me a cheery, "*Ah-siks-kah-nóh-toh-nay*" (good morning). He also remarked that the radio at the Tribal Office had predicted the storm—and I guess that explains Plenty Treaty's meteorological clairvoyance. Jimmy just said, "*Ahk-so-yope*" (let's eat). [123] [821]

Later: Good chow. Buckwheats and eggs (rescued from Jim's irreverent hand), and the old granite coffeepot full and steaming. After breakfast I offered to give Jim a toothbrush, if he would use it, but he was remarkably disinterested. Jim's teeth are fine, but he has developed tartar deposits which, unless he starts using a toothbrush (or a foot towel), may lead eventually to serious gum trouble. But Jim is fatalistically unconcerned about the whole situation. "If these fall off, I'll get me some ghost teeth [false teeth]," he said, and that closed the discussion. 122 515

I think that the basic hygienic problems among Indians result from the combined facts that the Indians have forgotten the old 515

515 methods and will not adopt (or are ignorant of) modern methods. The Chief says that in the old days the Blackfoots observed a very rigid course of personal hygiene including, for all men and boys, a daily morning bath, summer or winter, in cold water. This cold plunge, which often required that a hole be chopped in the ice, was believed by the Blackfoots to toughen them against extremely cold weather and to build their resistance to various winter ailments. The [342] Chief says that it worked, too, and that when the Blackfoots were [352] allowed to exist in their traditional manner—living in teepees which were lined, and floored with furs, and snug as a jug, and eating their [262] customary diet of meat supplemented with a variety of esculent wild fruits, berries, roots and tubers—such disorders as pneumonia [164] and the common cold were almost unheard of. But then came the [177] White Man a-wooing with his plea of "Let me take all this away from you." And that is exactly what he did.

177 The Chief remembers the old days very well, and his voice took on an understandably bitter edge as he explained the extent to which the White Man's senseless slaughter of the buffalo destroyed [262] the Blackfoot way of life. Other game could not even begin to meet the food needs of the Plains Tribes. With the buffalo gone the Indians were forced to accept the refined foods of the White Man; with no buffalo hides with which to build lodges, the Indians were forced to live in smoky, unventilated wooden shacks. Consequently, [164] the Indians began to suffer terribly from such diseases as pneumonia, appendicitis, tuberculosis and trachoma. Additional gifts [161] from the Whites in the form of alcohol and small pox conspired with other catastrophes to reduce the Blackfoots, once the most populous and powerful of all Plains Tribes and believed by some historians to have numbered at one time over forty thousand, to fewer than five thousand souls. The Indian was robbed of the natural resources and the *lebenscraum* that were his rightful heritage, and then he was denied the wherewithal and the knowledge—and the *motivation* —to live any other kind of life.

177 829 The White attitude toward the Indian has from the first suggested all the inherent immorality of a pay toilet (what do you do if you don't have a dime, use a potted palm?), and brother Jim summed up the situation in a deliciously succinct five words. Jim's phrasing may be open to question, but I found myself unable to challenge the validity of his conclusion when he said, "They goosed the gold egg."

136 Despite the extensive research I have done with regard to the extermination of the great buffalo herds, I still find the facts in-

462 the description of cooking and staying indoors as female duties. Small wonder that the young Blood of today strongly
183 reject Cook-Baker and Store Keeper. Further, this quotation
827 testifies to the universality of the meaningfulness of physical ability among the Blood. Both man and woman are to expect and overcome hardship to perform their socially significant tasks. This necessity was illustrated in the hardiness training mentioned by Thompson and in the jests and jibes of the tippling thief toward his wives. Schultz comments further on this aspect.

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●[515]

> I went on several of these hunts when the weather was so cold that a buffalo hide froze stiff as it dropped away from the cut of the knife; yet the Indians skinned their quarry barehanded. . . . The Indians wore only a couple of shirts, a pair of blanket or cowskin leggings, fur cap, buffalo robe, gloves, and moccasins--no socks. Yet they never froze, nor even shivered from the cold. They attributed their indifference to exposure to the beneficial effect of their daily baths, which were always taken, even if a hole had to be cut in the ice for the purpose. And they forced their little children to accompany them, little fellows from three years of age up, dragging the unwilling ones from their beds and carrying them under their arms to the icy plunge.[53]

[856]
[863]

175
826 A freezing dip in the river speaks strongly for a concern over health and vitality as does the image of dragging squalling youngsters to the bath. This concern also extends to the previously mentioned vanity and attractiveness.

> Came from the north, from the camp of our brother tribe, the Bloods, four young men to visit friends in our camp, and one of them was Low Horn, he who was nicknamed